Prince. Come hither *Francis.*

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. How long haſt thou to ſerue, *Francis?*

Francis. Forſooth fiue yeares, and as much as to

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone, anone ſir.

Prince. Fiue yeares; berlady a long leaſe for the clincking of Pewter: But *Francis*, dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and ſhew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

Francis. O Lord ſir, Ile be ſworne vpon all Bookes in England, I could find in my heart.

Poines. Francis. *Francis.* Anone ſir.

Prince. How old art thou, *Francis?*

Francis. Let me ſee, about Michaelmas next I ſhall be

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone ſir, pray you ſtay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay but harke you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gaueſt me, t'was a penny worth, waſt not?

Francis. O Lord, I would it had been two.

Prince. I will giue thee for it a thouſand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt haue it.

Poines. Francis. *Francis.* Anone, anone.

Prince. Anone *Francis?* No *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis:* or *Francis*, on thurſeday: or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt: But *Francis.*

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne ierkin, Chriſtall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke ſtocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spaniſh pouch?

Francis. O Lord ſir, who do you meane?

Prince. Why then your Browne baſtarde is your onely drinke: for looke you *Francis*, your White canuaſſe doublet will ſulley. In *Barbary* ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Francis. What ſir; *Poines. Francis.*

Prince. Away you rogue, doſt thou not heare them call?

¶ Heere they both call him, the Drawer ſtandes amazed, not knowing which way to goe. *Enter Vintner.*

Vint.

Vint. What, ſtandſt thou ſtill, and hearſt ſuch a cal
looke to the Gheſtes within. My Lord, old ſir *Iohn* with
a dozen more, are at the doore, ſhall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone awhile, & then open the doore: *P*

Poines. Anone, anone ſir. *Enter Poine*

Prince. Sirra, *Falſtaffe* and the reſt of the Theeues, are a
doore, ſhall we be merry?

Poin. As merry as Crickets, my lad: but harke yee, w
cunning match haue you made with this ieſt of the *Dra*
come, what's the iſſue?

Princ. I am now of all humors, that haue ſhewed themſe
humors, ſince the old daies of goodman *Adam*, to the pu
age of this preſent twelue a clocke at midnight. What
clocke *Francis?*

Francis. Anone, anone ſir.

Princ. That euer this fellow ſhould haue fewer words t
a Parret, & yet the ſon of a Woman. His induſtry is vp ſta
and downe ſtaires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckonin
am not yet of *Percyes* mind, the *Hotſpur* of the *North*, he that
me ſome ſixe or ſeuen dozen of *Scots* at a breakfaſt, waſhes
handes, and ſayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I w
worke. O my ſweet *Harry*, ſayes ſhe! how many haſt thou k
to day? Giue my Roane horſe a drench (ſayes he) and anſwe
ſome forteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee cal
Falſtaffe, Ile play *Percy*, and that damnde *Brawne* ſhall p
Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Rinio*, ſaies the drunkard: cal in Ri
call in Tallow.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Poines. Welcome *Iacke*, where haſt thou beene?

Fal. A plague of all cowards I ſay, and a vengeance to, ma
ry and Amen: giue me a cup of ſack boy. E're I lead this l
long, Ile ſowe neatherſtocks, and mend them, and foote the
too. A plague of all cowards, Giue me a cup of ſacke, rogue,
there no vertue extant?

Prin Didſt thou neuer ſee *Titan* kiſſe a diſh of butter, pittifu
harted *Titan* that melted at the ſweete tale of the Sunne? if the
didſt, then behold that compound,